

THE DAYSPRING.

"The dayspring from on high hath visited us."

OLD SERIES.
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GRACIE AND DAISY.

MRS. MARGARET L. BENNETT.

THE "Dayspring" readers have often seen the initials of Mrs. Bennett, "M. L. B.," attached to some story, some scrap of wisdom, or lesson in verse. Very many scholars in our Sunday schools have studied, or are now studying, her "Many Teachers, but One Lesson," "Early Lessons on the Life of the Saviour," or her "Every Sunday." In their homes, many of them have seen a little book that their mothers love, called "Day unto Day," with its beautiful Scripture texts and sweet thoughts for each day in the year; and, also, another little work, called "The Bible Rule of Life." Both of these books were compiled by Mrs. Bennett, and are witnesses of her devout Christian character, of her industry, and excellent judgment and taste.

On the 9th of last month, this good woman, the wife of Dr. A. W. Bennett, of Uxbridge, finished her earthly life. Early on that Sunday morning, she was called upward, to live under new conditions that life of love and truth and sweetness she had learned to live on the earth. That Sunday, when the Sunday school in Uxbridge, the school which had been so blessed by her constant presence, and inspired by her spirit, gathered at the church, there was great sadness and mourning, as the intelligence went from one to another that Mrs. Bennett was dead. There was weeping among the little "birdies" in the "nest," when they learned that their dear teacher had been taken from them. That day in the Sunday school, they could only talk of her that had gone upward, and bring the lesson of her life home to their hearts.

For fifteen years Mrs. Bennett had had charge of the infant-class. She devoted herself, body and soul, to the little ones she gathered about her. Not as many times as

there were years of service had she been absent from that class. Many a visit from home did she shorten that she might be with her little ones during the Sunday hour. The room where the class met was called the "Bird's Nest;" and a beautiful nest it was to the little "birdies," not only because of its objects of interest, its pictures and mottoes, but because of the sweet spirit that reigned there. During the fifteen years, hundreds of children had passed through that infant-class, carrying from it a rare affection for its teacher, and a real good gained from the pure, sweet lessons, so wisely adapted to their natures. Mrs. Bennett never lost her interest in the scholars as they passed from her; nor did they lose their interest in her. This was the reason that the scholars of the Uxbridge Sunday school, a great part of whom had lived their time in the "Nest," felt such a personal loss at her departure.

But not only has the Uxbridge Sunday school been called to suffer loss. The Sunday-school cause itself has lost one of its stanchest friends, one of its most devoted advocates. Mrs. Bennett could never understand the lukewarmness of the Unitarian denomination in regard to the Sunday-School Society, the smallness of their contributions to its support. Though strongly averse to public speaking, she would sometimes, in the society meetings, find herself impelled to utter what no one else would say. She would go beyond all in urging the society to increase its demands upon the denomination, and enlarge its work. Could her spirit somehow get into the hearts of the Unitarian people, five-fold the sum they are asked to contribute this month to meet the year's expenses would be gladly cast into its treasury, and we should all work with greater zeal and vastly more effectiveness.

The Sunday-school cause now adds one more to its list of memorial names; and

there are few names that those who knew the spirit and work of the departed one will cherish with a more loving reverence than that of MARGARET L. BENNETT.

For The Dayspring.

LETTING OTHERS SEE.

IN the April "Dayspring," I told you, children, of Bobby Drake, and how his eyes were open to see and his heart glad to admire every thing that came within his sight. I liked the little fellow so well, and all his cheerful, manly ways, that I did not dream I could think of a better sort of a boy. And I do not believe I can, for he was not selfish and pushing, looking out for himself; and, though eager and happy to see all that was going on, I think he would have been willing that others should see even if he could not see himself, and that is being truly generous.

Now are *you* willing? Or do you push and crowd, and cry, "Let *me* see. I want to see!" not willing to see second, or last, and not caring at all whether others see. But there is nothing more beautiful than to forget self in trying to please somebody else.

I could not help thinking of this when I heard of what some ladies did for the happiness of others the last nineteenth of April. You all know why that day was of so great interest to every American heart. You know that it was the one hundredth anniversary of the first blood shed to make this country free, and of the first battle fought for this sacred cause. You have studied about it, and, I hope, will study it afresh in Mr. Higginson's admirable little history, which he has written for your especial benefit.

Perhaps you wished to go to Lexington or Concord, hear the grand music, see the grander crowd, and have it to remember that you were there, all your life through. I

wanted to go badly enough, but had to content myself with a flag waving near our house, and with hearing the soldier's returning drum-beat. But when the newspapers told the next day of how people were hustled, and crowded, and famished, and foot-sore, how people were separated and lost, perished with the cold, and wandering even into the night, with no means of getting home, and with no shelter from the darkness, when I heard that one little girl's arm was almost torn from its socket, and that older people were made dangerously ill from exposure, I saw that my disappointment was well, and that it was pleasanter, as well as safer, to have been at home.

But the kind ladies of whom I am to tell you arrived safely at their old homestead in Concord, and there passed one of those blessed days we can all pass, whether at home or abroad, if we are as eager as they are to do good and give pleasure every day of one's life. And the beauty of their doing is that their left hand never seems to know what the right does. Of course they were not troubled with the boys, for they went off with their father, falling in love with all the guns and flags they saw, and shouting till they were hoarse in honor of civil and religious liberty. And it was easy to take care of Dora, who, indeed, after she had thrown a bouquet to the President from a high stone post, where she looked funny enough in her red cloak, could play round the house and take care of herself. Baby Sarah, comfortable, warm, asleep up-stairs, the ladies devoted themselves to their invited guests, and after *they* were warmed and cheered and sent on their way to hear what they could of the oration, and see the battle-field and the monument, the ladies gave their time and attention to those who wanted to see the Old Manse, celebrated in one of Mr. Hawthorne's stories.

" So many clustered about the house that the front grass-plat looked like a blackberry field. Some were content with looking at the outside of the house. Others asked leave to come in and eat their pies and pickles. The hungry were fed with what the ladies had provided, and, when these vast supplies gave out, the neighbors " lent a hand."

One man ate so much that a servant in attendance asked if he hadn't had enough. But one of the ladies said, " Let him have all he wants." And when he got through he inquired if there was nothing to pay for all that, and must have gone away with the persuasion that that was the best restaurant he had ever come across. Some were more anxious to see than to eat, studying out the odd sentences Hawthorne scratched on the window-panes in allusion to his children. One couple seemed lost in wonder over an engraving representing the " Last Supper." One man asked leave to dry his beaver, which he had dropped in the river, as he could not go home bareheaded, or run the risk of the wet hat. One woman, chilled by standing without rubbers on the cold ground, was warmed and comforted by the hospitable fire.

One of the ladies told me that she did not know but the lives of these last were preserved by the fire they had kept burning on their grandfather's hearth, well knowing that no way would have been so grateful to him of passing the glorious anniversary than in opening his house, as far as possible, to some of the multitude that flocked to Concord to do honor to its memory. If I had been there, of course I could have seen many things to tell you. One I heard was, that some ingenious young people wrote sentences with ink on the shell of eggs, which remained distinct after boiling. One ran thus: " Break the yolk; and let the oppressed go free."

But I have told you enough, if you have learned the beautiful lesson, that it is better to help others to see than to see one's self. Why, in this way, a blind child can see more than even dear Bobby Drake, with his two round, strong, bright eyes, almost able to " look through a deal board," as people say. Because, because, there is no way of seeing so clearly as seeing through the heart.

E. P. C.

MABEL'S DREAM.

WHEN in her trundle-bed so white
The little tired Mabel lay,
The round, full summer moon peeped in
And made her room as light as day.

" Oh! won't you come and play with me?"
The drowsy little maiden said;
When, looking up, the lady moon
Seemed all at once to nod her head.

" Come, tell me all the tales you know,
And all the places you have seen;
But most I want to hear you talk
About the fairies and their queen."

" Then, little Mabel, come with me,"
The great round laughing moon replied,
" And I this very night will show
Where all the tiny fairies hide."

And then a snowy floating cloud
Came sweeping by the queen of night,
And, like a great tall lady fair,
The moon was draped in fleecy white.

She folded Mabel in her arms,
And bore her noiselessly away,
Above the fields and orchard trees
And far above the house-tops gray;

Till to a little grove they came,
Spread o'er with moss of emerald green,
Where seated on a lily throne,
Soon Mabel spied the fairy queen.

And all around were tiny bands
Of fairies dressed in every hue;
Some green as katy-dids, and some
Were bright as gold, and others blue.

But when they caught the moon's bright face,
That peeped between the hanging green,
The fairies rose and clapped their hands,
And danced around the fairy queen.

Then little Mabel laughed out loud,
And hummed a merry childish tune;
Then, quickly all the fairies turned
And saw her with the lady moon.

And one tripped lighter than the rest,
And caught her quickly by the hand;
Said she, "We gladly welcome you,
Dear Mabel, to bright fairy land.

"For I was once a little flower,
And in your garden fair I grew;
So when I heard your merry laugh,
I knew at once that it was you."

"And are the fairies made from flowers?"
Asked little Mabel in surprise.
"Yes, every fragrant one that blooms
Becomes a fairy when she dies.

"They only keep their color bright;
So we have fays of every hue;
Some changed from golden butter-cups,
And some like me from violets blue.

"And so we love the little girls
Who love the gentle flowers, you know,
Who watch them tenderly, as now
I am quite sure *you* always do."

Then Mabel asked: "And do you love
The little birds as well as flowers?"
"O yes! the merry singing birds
Are always special pets of ours.

"Yet when the fairies are awake,
The happy birds are fast asleep;
Though in their snug and downy nests,
At night we often love to peep."

Then Mabel spoke in eager haste
"Oh! tell me little fairy blue,
If you can find my bird to-night,
For yester-morn away he flew.

"His wings were brighter far than gold,
And oh! he sang the sweetest song;
He used to fly about his cage,
And sing to me the whole day long."

"Come, little Mabel, come with me,"
The fairy cried, "for I will try
To find your pretty singing bird,
Before the sun is in the sky."

From bush to bush now Mabel tripped,
From tree to tree the fairy flew;
And many a little bird they found,
And many a bushy squirrel too,

All lying curled up fast asleep;
So Mabel stroked the downy things,
And laughed to see the birds whose heads
Were snugly tucked beneath their wings.

Yet for her little singing bird,
They sought through all the woods in vain;
And Mabel sighed, she thought she ne'er
Should find her merry pet again.

And then she grew so very tired;
At last, the sweet blue fairy said:
"Come, Mabel, let me ask the moon
To take you back again to bed.

"But I will search the whole night long,
For I have wings to fly, you know;
So, little Mabel, do not fear
But I will find your bird for you."

And then, before she could reply,
The lady moon, so soft and white,
Took Mabel in her arms again,
And bore her through the summer night.

And when the sun peeped in her room,
Snug in her trundle-bed she lay;
She rubbed her eyes, and turned to find
The empty cage of yesterday.

Oh! how she clapped her hands with glee,
For there she saw her own dear bird;
And while he sang he seemed to say,
"The fairy blue has kept her word."

But, when she told her mother all,
She only smiled and shook her head;
"Twas but a dream, yet, if you like,
We'll put it into rhyme," she said.

THE GOOD LITTLE SPIRIT.

"GRANDMAMMA, who is it that smiles at me from the river, when the water is still?"

Grandmamma raises her mild eyes, and they, too, have a smile for the little maiden. Ah, yes! one cannot help smiling on Yetta,—she is so innocent, so sweet to look upon. Grandmamma gazes with pleasure at the straight little figure in short peasant dress of blue, bright bodice, white apron, and queer wooden shoes; she is not admiring the costume, so odd and pretty in our unaccustomed eyes. Oh, no! all the children in this German land wear the same, as did grandmamma herself once; but not a child in the village has such eyes,—like the blue, blue cornflowers,—such beautiful yellow hair, and such a rosy, dimpled face as Yetta. So grandmamma thinks, and, thinking, quite forgets that she has not answered the little one's question.

"Ah, yes! dear child," as Yetta again speaks; "a face sayst thou? And what is it like?"

"It has blue eyes, and hair like mine, and it smiles; but, when I reach my hands into the water, it goes away."

"It is the little good spirit that has the care of thee, kindlein; but thou must not try to touch it, or it will be displeased, and thou wilt fall into the river; and thou must try well that it never look angrily on thee."

Grandmamma turns from the wide-open, earnest eyes to her spinning, half-sighing, "I, too, at four years old, could believe in such pleasant fancies;" while Yetta sits down in the low doorway, looking off to the white village, the great castle on the heights, rosy in sunset light, the river so blue and winding and peaceful, and wonders if the dear little spirit will ever come to play with her if she is good every day to grandmamma.

Yetta does not forget. She keeps this belief sacred from her playmates, deep hid-

den in her trusting little heart; and on still days, when the river flows so quietly on its way, unruffled by the wind, she steals off by herself for a peep at the sweet little face that is always there to welcome her, and in time grows to love it dearly. One day alas! the eyes that look from out the water are angry eyes, and a frown ruffles the clear brow. And little Yetta is ashamed, and hides her face, weeping, for she has been rude and impatient with the old grandmamma, has refused to learn her embroidery stitch, and has run away to play. Now she goes sorrowfully home, kisses poor grandmamma, and works cheerfully at the hard task; and soon there are no more such days, and all the German mothers say, "Would that our children were like the good little Yetta,—so sweet-tempered and loving, and so skilful with her needle!"

Two or three years pass, and tidings come that the great castle is to be opened; that the Lord and Lady are coming home to live, after long years of travel. There is great rejoicing, and the villagers assemble in their holiday attire; when the brilliant company is seen approaching, eager to welcome the Lady Adelaide, whose memory is green in the simple, grateful hearts her kindness has often made happy. The Lady comes, so stately in her grand robes! But she looks kindly on all, and speaks many pleasant words; and she questions the mothers about Yetta, the fairest of the little maidens, who yet stands apart, with eyes not glad like the others, but full of tears,—for grandmamma's tired body was only yesterday laid to rest in the green churchyard; the mild eyes are growing young in heaven, and Yetta is alone. Well pleased with the answers she receives, the Lady Adelaide says, with a beautiful, friendly smile for the sorrowing little one, that Yetta must come to her tomorrow at the castle, and so passes on.

The morning's sun sees Yetta passing in, for the first time, at the castle gate. With shy, downcast lashes, she enters the Lady Adelaide's room, quite dazzled by the splendor of the great halls; but a kindly "good morning" gives her courage to look up, when her startled eyes behold a narrow archway leading to an inner chamber, down whose shining floor advances a little maid as like as possible to herself, from the bright, thick braids that crown her head, to the neat little shoes on her feet.

Oh joy! it is, it must be, the dear spirit come at last to comfort and care for her! Quite forgetting the stately Lady, Yetta runs forward with outstretched arms, but the little fingers only come in contact with a hard, cold, smooth substance; the spirit is far away as ever, and tears of grief and disappointment cloud the blue eyes. "What is the trouble, kindlein?" asks the Lady Adelaide; "do not be unhappy. Do you know you are to live with me and be my little maid?"

Won by her kind voice, Yetta tells her story, so artlessly and sadly that tears also gather in the listener's eyes.

"Thou dear little child!" she says, embracing her, "hast thou indeed never seen a mirror? Look! this is thine own reflection, and it was that thou sawest in the river. Yet do not grieve, for a little spirit is ever with thee, although hidden from thy sight, and this it is that has kept thy heart so pure and loving. Love it and listen to it always, my Yetta."

Dear child, who readest this, listen while I whisper its name; for thou hast just such another attendant spirit. It is Conscience, the good little Conscience; and thou too mayst well remember the Lady Adelaide's advice, and listen always for its approving voice.

CARL ERTON.

THE GOOD SHEPHERD.

Yes, Holy One, thou the good Shepherd art,
Enduring hardest service for thy sheep,
Hearing their bleatings with a human heart,
Not losing such as thou wert put to keep;
But feeble wanderers from the field astray
Thou on thy shoulder takest; and dost bear
From hireling thieves and wandering wolves
away,
And watchest o'er them with a guardian care.
Thou art the human Shepherd of the sheep,
Leading them forth to pasture all the day;
At night to folds which them in safety keep.
Thou light and life from God, to heaven the
way;
And giving at the last thy own, thy well-beloved,
sleep.

T. Parker.

THE LORD IS MY SHEPHERD.

THE King of Love my Shepherd is,
Whose goodness faileth never.
I nothing lack if I am his,
And he is mine for ever.

Where streams of living water flow,
My ransomed soul he leadeth;
And where the verdant pastures grow
With food celestial feedeth.

Perverse and foolish oft I strayed,
But yet, in love, he sought me,
And on his shoulder gently laid,
And home, rejoicing, brought me.

In death's dark vale I fear no ill,
With thee, dear Lord, beside me;
Thy rod and staff my comfort still,
Thy cross before to guide me.

Thou spread'st a table in my sight,
Thy unction grace bestoweth,
And, oh! what transport of delight
From thy pure chalice floweth!

And so through all the length of days
Thy goodness faileth never;
Good Shepherd, may I sing thy praise
Within thy house for ever.

Selected.

LINES TO A BEREAVED PARENT.

WHEN on my ear your loss was knelled,
And tender sympathy upburst,
A little rill from memory swelled,
Which once had soothed my bitter thirst.

And I was faint to bear to you
Some portion of its mild relief;
That it might be as healing dew
To steal some fever from your grief.

After our child's untroubled breath
Up to the Father took its way,
And on our home the shade of death
Like a long twilight haunting lay,

And friends came round with us to weep
Her little spirit's swift remove,
This story of the Alpine sheep
Was told to us by one we love:

"They, in the valley's sheltering care,
Soon crop the meadow's tender prime,
And when the sod grows brown and bare,
The shepherd strives to make them climb,

"To airy shelves of pastures green,
That hang along the mountain's side,
Where grass and flowers together lean,
And down through mist the sunbeams slide.

"But naught can tempt the timid things
That steep and rugged path to try,
Though sweet the shepherd calls and sings,
And scared below the pastures lie, —

"Till in his arms their lambs he takes
Along the dizzy verge to go,
Then, heedless of the lifts and breaks,
They follow on o'er rocks and snow.

"And in those pastures lifted fair,
More dewy soft than lowland mead,
The shepherd drops his tender care,
And sheep and lambs together feed."

This parable, by nature breathed,
Blew on me as the south wind free
O'er frozen brooks that float unsheathed
From icy thraldom to the sea.

A blissful vision through the night
Would all my happy senses sway,
Of the good shepherd on the height,
Or climbing up the stony way,

Holding our little lamb asleep;
And, like the burden of the sea,
Sounded that voice along the deep,
Saying, "*Arise and follow me!*"

Mrs. Lowell.

GENTLENESS.

MEEKNESS, or gentleness, is very much despised by some people, yet it is one of the mightiest things in the world. A kind word, a loving, gentle voice or manner, has more power in it than all the harsh words that ever were spoken, or all the hard blows that can be given. It can subdue the stubborn will, smooth down the rugged, frowning brow, and work wonders. Why, even the dumb animals, though they don't understand what you say, yet know when you speak kindly to them.

A man was driving a loaded cart along a street one day. It was a heavy load the horse was drawing. At one place he didn't turn in the way the carter wanted him to go. He was a cross, ill-tempered man, and he began to swear at the horse, and lash him with his whip. Still he wouldn't go right. The more the man beat him, the more he persisted in rearing and plunging, and holding back. There was another man along with the cart, of a different temper. He went up to the horse, and patted him on the neck. He stroked his mane softly, and spoke gently to him. The horse turned his head, and fixed his big eyes on the man. He seemed to say, "Why, my good fellow, I'll do any thing in the world for *you*, because you speak kindly to me." And then he turned the cart down the lane, and trotted along as briskly as though the load had been only a plaything.

OUT of debt, out of danger.

TAKE away fuel, take away flame.



THE MOTTO.

GRACIE AND "DAISY."

ALL our little readers would like such a good time as Gracie Hall seems to be having, as she is shown in the picture.

Gracie has an Aunt Hattie, whom she loves very dearly. You can see what a nice young lady Gracie's Aunt Hattie is, by the picture.

Aunt Hattie lives in the city. Every summer she makes a long visit at Gracie's house in the country; and every winter Gracie makes a nice visit to Aunt Hattie in the city.

Aunt Hattie is now staying with Gracie. As soon as those warm summer-like days came in the latter part of May, she left the city for Gracie's home, where she could see the trees blossom, and put out their bright, fresh leaves; where she could hear the birds sing, and have real happy times with Gracie, running over the fields or resting in the shady nooks.

There was one place on the farther side of a great field called "Gracie's Nook." It was shady, and the soft, green grass and bright flowers made it a very lovely spot. Aunt Hattie liked to go there with Gracie, and sometimes they would stay long hours.

It was one afternoon near the end of May that Aunt Hattie said,

"Come, Gracie! we will put on our hats, and go down in your little 'Nook,' and have a good time together, seeing the birds and the flowers!"

Nothing could have made Gracie happier. Her hat was soon on her head, and in less than three minutes she and Aunt Hattie were leaving the house. Auntie took a book, just to pore over a little when Gracie was very busy.

Gracie's father had a fine farm, and kept a few sheep. There were some spry little lambs playing in the field, and they had come to know Gracie, and liked to follow her. So as Auntie and Gracie went to the "Nook," the little lambs went skipping along with them.

How could a little girl be happier than Gracie was with her Auntie, and her lambs? She had names for them; and one of them seemed to know its name. Let her call, "Daisy!" and "Daisy" would look up, and generally come right to her.

This afternoon "Daisy" had to have a wreath of flowers made to wear upon his neck. Gracie did it all herself. She was so busy, and seemed to want so little of Auntie, that Auntie read away in her book, and almost forgot where she was.

But a little bird sang a sweet song that made Auntie look up;

and, then, what did she see? Why, little "Daisy" wearing his necklace of flowers, standing right before Gracie; and never had Auntie seen a happier-looking child than Gracie was.

Auntie soon put down her book, and played with Gracie and the lambs. By and by, from the other side of the field, they heard, "Baa!" "Baa!" Then the little lambs scampered to their mothers. Auntie and Gracie sat down under the tree, and talked a little while, till Auntie thought it was time to go home.

GOD IS LOVE.

RUTHIE BARRY is a member of the infant-class in a Sunday school. Hanging on the wall in her Sunday-school room, is a beautiful motto: **GOD IS LOVE.**

Ruthie's teacher talked to the class last Sunday morning about that motto. She asked the scholars to tell her what they could think of that made them know that "God is Love."

They said ever so many things; and here are some of them. "He gave me my dear mother and father." "He gives me a nice home." "He makes the pretty flowers." "He takes care of the birds." "He makes the pleasant days."

"He gives the good rain." "He made the bright stars." "He tries to have us good." "He gave us dear Jesus." "He gives us kind friends."

The children enjoyed the talk very much, and then they sung the verse: —

" God is love : his mercy brightens
All the path in which we rove ;
Bliss he wakes, and woe he lightens ;
God is wisdom, God is love."

The next day, Ruthie walked down to the sea-shore, which is a little way from her house; and, after playing a little while, lay down to rest.

Soon she began to make marks in the sand. She had learned to print in her day-school, and thought, first, she would print her name. But her Sunday-school lesson came into her mind, and she printed in the sand with her finger, "God is Love."

I hope ever so many people read the good words, and were made happy by them.

When Handel once undertook, in a crowded church, to play the dismissal on a very fine organ, the whole congregation became so entranced with delight that not an individual stirred. At length the usual organist came impatiently forward, took his seat, saying in a tone of superiority, "You cannot dismiss a congregation, — see how quick I can disperse them!"

For The Dayspring.

BESSIE'S DOLL.

BESSIE Lane was the only child of a poor widow, who earned her living by sewing, and a very scanty living it was; but, for all that, she managed to send Bessie to school, and to keep her looking very nice and clean. Bessie, of course, did not have as much money as most children have to spend; and the few pennies that she did get were given her by the neighbors.

One day, as Bessie was going home from school, she stopped to look in the window of a toy shop, and there she saw a beautiful little doll, which she thought she would like to have very much. So she went in, and asked the lady who kept the store how much it was. "One dollar," the lady said. Bessie looked disappointed, and started for the door. The lady, whom I shall call Mrs. Brown, happened to know Bessie, and knew that she was a good little girl. Before Bessie got to the door, she called her back and said: "My dear, do you want the doll very much?" "Oh, yes! very much," said Bessie. "Well, I will tell you what I'll do. If you like to, you may begin Monday and come here in the morning every day for a week, before you go to school, and help me put the store in order for the day, and do what little things I want done. In this way you can earn the doll. What do you say to the plan?" "Oh! I think it is splendid," said Bessie. "I will go ask mamma right away, if I may."

Bessie went home and told her mother, who was perfectly willing, for she knew Bessie would enjoy it all the more for having earned it.

Bessie went to Mrs. Brown's every morning through the week; and, when Saturday

morning came, Mrs. Brown, to Bessie's great delight, gave her the doll.

As Bessie came out of the store, she ran against a poor little girl, who was crying bitterly. Bessie stopped and asked the child, whose name was Katie, what the matter was. Katie said she was very hungry; that her mother was sick, and her father had tried very hard to get work, but had not succeeded; and that they were very poor indeed.

Bessie thought a minute, looked at her doll, and then at Katie, after which she said: "Wait here a minute," and darted away.

Mrs. Brown was very much surprised to see Bessie come running into the store again, and still more surprised when she said, "Please, Mrs. Brown, would you let me have the dollar instead of the doll?"

Mrs. Brown gave her the dollar, thinking that perhaps her mother needed it.

Katie soon had the money in her hand, and Bessie was on her way home, to tell her mother what she had done.

When she had finished telling her story, she said, "Mamma, I feel a great deal happier than if I had the doll." Her mother replied, "I am very glad my little daughter has found out that it is better to give than to receive."

GRACE FLETCHER.

HOW NOT TO DO AN ERRAND.

GEORGE was sent to the fish-market to buy a mackerel for breakfast.

"It is for this morning's breakfast, George," said his mother, "therefore be as spry as you can."

Twenty minutes would have done the errand. Twenty minutes passed — thirty — forty — fifty — fifty-five. Where is George?

George went to the market spry. The first thing which caught his eye was a big

iron pot, into which a man was shovelling lobsters to be boiled,—green lobsters, which came out red. That, George thought, was funny enough, and he must look; but, you see, it took time, and time that was not his. Then he thought of the mackerel, and bought it. On his way home he met a small dog, with a red blanket on his back. That took his eye, and he had to stop and look; and another boy stopped and looked, and they both stopped and had a bit of a talk about something else; but, you see, it took time, and time that was not his. Presently he went along and met another boy, and the other boy had something to say; and there was a loud “Whoa! whoa!” down a side street, which they both ran down, just to see what the matter was with a cart and a horse at odds with each other. All this ate up the minutes.

The cook, out of all patience, ran out to the gate with her gridiron in her hand, to see what had become of the mackerel; for the coffee was waiting, and the cakes were waiting; and, what was worse, the children were hungry, and the father was going off in the cars, which, like time and tide, wait for no man. At last the father had to go without his breakfast, or with only half a breakfast; and there was General Delay, with his two aids, Fretting and Grumbling, putting this well-ordered family quite out of sorts.

At last the cook at the gate spied George shuffling along, his toes one way and his eyes another, and she called him a pretty hard name, which I should not like to tell you.

The mackerel came at last, but it did not taste half as good as it would have tasted in season.

Is this the way to do an errand? Will a boy who does his work so ever be wanted? I think not.—*Child's Paper.*

For The Dayspring.

PEEP-A-BOO.

THE door was opened on a crack;
A smiling baby face came through;
And, when I looked up from my work,
A merry voice cried, “Peep-a-boo!”

“ Ah, ah!” said I, “you’ve found me out,
Miss Kittie, as you always do.”
She only shook her golden curls,
And answered gayly, “ Peep a-boo!”

Then through the window, at my side,
Again I caught her ribbands blue;
And, like a sunbeam, in she peeped,—
Miss Kittie, with her “ Peep-a-boo!”

Then, when I asked her if she thought
That I had nothing else to do
Except to play with her all day,
Again she answered, “ Peep-a-boo!”

And so I threw my work aside;
When, like a little bird, she flew
And fluttered in and out the trees;
But all she sang was,—“ Peep-a-boo!”

At length I caught her in my arms,
And gave her kisses not a few:
Said I, “ You saucy three-year old,
I’ll play no more at ‘peep-a-boo!’”

BESSIE BENTLY.

WHAT AILED OLIVER.

“ GET up, little boy! You are lying in bed too long; breakfast will soon be ready. The canary-bird has taken his bath, and is now singing a sweet song. Get up! get up! or I shall throw this pillow at you!”

That is what sister Charlotte said to Oliver Reed, one frosty morning in November. He was a good little fellow, but he had one fault: he was too fond of lying in bed in the morning.

“ Don’t throw the pillow at me!” cried Oliver; “ I’ll promise to get up in five minutes.

“ If you would be ‘ healthy, wealthy, and

wise,' you must rise early, little boy," said Charlotte.

When Oliver came down to the breakfast-table, his father said, "How is this, Oliver? You are late again."

Oliver hung his head; and Charlotte said, "I woke him in good time, father, but he went off to sleep again the minute I left the room, though he promised to be up in five minutes."

"I went to sleep, and forgot all about it," said Oliver.

"Come here, my boy, and let me feel your pulse," said his father. "I should not wonder if Oliver were suffering from a disease which is very common at this time."

Oliver gave his hand to his father, who, after feeling his pulse, said, "Yes, it is as I thought. Poor Oliver has Slack's disease. Take him up to bed again. Put his breakfast by the side of the bed, and when he feels strong enough he may eat it. He may stay at home from school to-day."

The little boy wondered what Slack's disease could be; but he went up-stairs with his sister, and was put to bed. He could not sleep, however. He heard children playing out of doors; he heard Ponto barking, and Tommy, the canary-bird, singing a sweet song.

Then Oliver called his sister, and said: "Charlotte, what is Slack's disease? Is it dangerous?"

"I rather think not," said Charlotte. "You dear little simpleton! don't you know what father meant? He meant you were troubled with laziness; that's all."

Oliver saw that a trick had been played on him. He jumped out of bed, dressed, and ate his breakfast, and ran off to school, where he arrived just in time.

Since that day Oliver has been the first up in the house. He is no longer troubled with Slack's disease. — *The Children's Prize.*

A FAITHLESS FRIEND AND A CRAFTY JUDGE:

A HINDOO STORY IN VERSE.

"No pearls were e'er
Placed in his care!"

A MAN who own'd two pearls of cost
Determined they should not be lost;
When starting on a journey, thought
He'd leave them in safe hands, and sought
A trusty friend, and saying, "Please,
Till I return, take care of these,"
Contented, left his wealth behind,
And travell'd with an easy mind.
In time, his journey at an end,
He called to thank his honest friend,
Who, to his sore amaze, denied, —
"No pearls did you to me confide."

Forthwith he to the judge complain'd;
And Rāman the accused arraign'd;
And read his guilt upon his face;
But, wanting proof to seal the case,
Heard what each party had to say,
And coolly sent them both away.

He saw, ere many suns had shone,
The loser of the pearls, alone,
And ask'd with cautious scrutiny
What sort and size the pearls might be.
Then took he from his casket straight
Of such-like pearls just *ninety-eight*,
And strung them on some rotten thread,
And sent for the accused, and said,
"An honest face like yours I'll trust,
So take these *hundred* pearls you must,
And bring them newly strung; for see,
This cord's as rotten as't can be."

The joyful rogue went home, and there
The pearls he strung with cunning care,
Then counted them, — again, — again, —
And search'd about the floor in vain.

Two pearls he'd lost! so with the rest
He strung the *two* that he possess'd,
And then, presenting all, proclaim'd
Himself the thief he had been named.

Among the hemp the fowl that dares
To scratch with greed its feet ensnares:
The owner had his pearls return'd,
The thief the punishment he'd earn'd.

Early Days.

A HAPPY MAN.

A CERTAIN divine, who had prayed earnestly that God would teach him the perfect way of truth, was directed to a certain place where he could find an instructor.

When he came to the place, he found a man in ordinary attire, to whom he wished a "good morning."

"I never had a bad morning," replied the man.

"This is very singular; I wish you may always be so fortunate."

"I was never unfortunate," said he.

"I hope you will always be as happy," said the divine.

"I am never unhappy," said the other.

"I wish," said the divine, "you would explain yourself a little."

"That I will cheerfully do," said he.

"I said that I never had a bad morning, for every morning, even if I am pinched with hunger, I praise God; if it snows or rains, whether the weather is serene or tempestuous, I am thankful to God; and, therefore, never have a joyless morning. If I am miserable in outward circumstances, and despised, I still praise God. You wish that I might always be fortunate; but I cannot be unfortunate, because nothing befalls me but according to the will of God; and I believe his will is always good, in whatever he does, or permits to be done. You wished me always happy, but I cannot be unhappy, because my will is always resigned to the will of God."

The divine, astonished at the man's answers, asked him whence he came.

"I came from God," he replied.

"When did you find God?"

"When I left the world."

"Where did you leave him?"

"With the pure in heart."

"What are you?"

"I am a king."

"Where is your kingdom?"

"It is within my own bosom. I have learned to rule my appetites and passions; and that is better than to rule any kingdom in the world."

"How were you brought into this happy condition?"

"By secret prayer, spiritual meditation, and union with God. Nothing below God could satisfy my desires. I have found him, and in him I have found peace and rest."

Religious Herald.

SPRING SONG.

THE spring is come,
The spring is come,
Again the earth rejoices;
All streams and rills
And green-clad hills
Lift up their cheerful voices!

The spring is come,
The spring is come,
The merry lark is singing;
And in the grass,
Where'er we pass,
The daisies white are springing!

The spring is come,
The spring is come,
The soft south wind is blowing;
And in the dell,
Where violets dwell,
We hear the brooklet flowing.—*Selected.*

OUT OF THE SUNSHINE.

ALEXANDER the Great once visited Diogenes the Cynic philosopher, at Corinth. And asking him whether he could oblige him in any way, Diogenes surlily replied, "Yes; you can stand out of the sunshine."

A simple request; and no doubt the young and ambitious Alexander, who stood ready to bestow some princely munificence upon the old white-haired man before him, smil-

ingly stepped one side so as to allow the pure warm sunlight to fall lovingly upon him.

Perhaps while weeping for more worlds to conquer, Alexander recalled this incident, and contrasted his own inordinate desires with those of Diogenes, who could only ask of the greatest prince in the world to stand out of his sunlight.

It was not so insignificant and unmeaning a request as one might imagine. Who would not be happier, if there was nothing to obstruct the pure heavenly rays on their way to the soul of man. Alexander may not stand in the way; but some ardent desire, some passionate emotion, some wished-for good, or some bitter omission, often does, and will not always step aside at our simple request.

A. A. B.

HUMOROUS.

A LITTLE girl, seeing a dog scratching to be let in at an opposite door, promptly knocked at the window, and called out, " 'Ing 'e bell, doggy; 'ing 'e bell."

ONCE on a time a Frenchman and a Dutchman were travelling in Pennsylvania, when their horse lost a shoe. They drove up to a blacksmith's shop; and, no one being in, they proceeded to the house to inquire. The Frenchman rapped, and called out,—

" Is de smitty wittin? "

" Shtand back," says Hans, " let me shpeak. Ish der blacksmith's shop in der house? "

A FOUR year old recently went to a blacksmith's shop to see his father's horse shod, and watched closely the work of shoeing, until the blacksmith commenced paring the horse's hoofs, when, thinking this was wrong, he said earnestly, " My pa don't want the horse made any smaller."

Puzzles.

BEHEADED PUZZLES.

[OUR readers may not all have seen this kind of puzzles. Their friend, " C. T. B.," has sent them two or three for the exercise of their wits, and he first gives them one by way of explanation, as—

One morning when the sun was —,
A miser made a mountain —,
Poor soul! no sight, nor sound, nor —,
Was worth to him a single —.

[In the first line the word to be supplied is *nascent*; this word, beheaded, gives *ascent* for the second line; this second word beheaded, gives *scent* for the third line; this last beheaded, gives *cent* for the last line.]

13.

The mother heard a sudden —;
The youngster was exceeding —;
He hid himself behind an —,
And to his comrades whispered —!

14.

On through the mud the urchin —;
The rain upon the pavement —;
The drops come trickling down his —;
He goes and warms him by the —.

15.

WORD-SQUARE.

The pleasantest month of the year; a range of mountains; a useful article for fastening things together; a girl's name.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES.

10.—Cross-word.

11.—The Beatitudes.

12.—B	A	K	E
A	R	E	A
K	E	Y	S
E	A	S	T

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